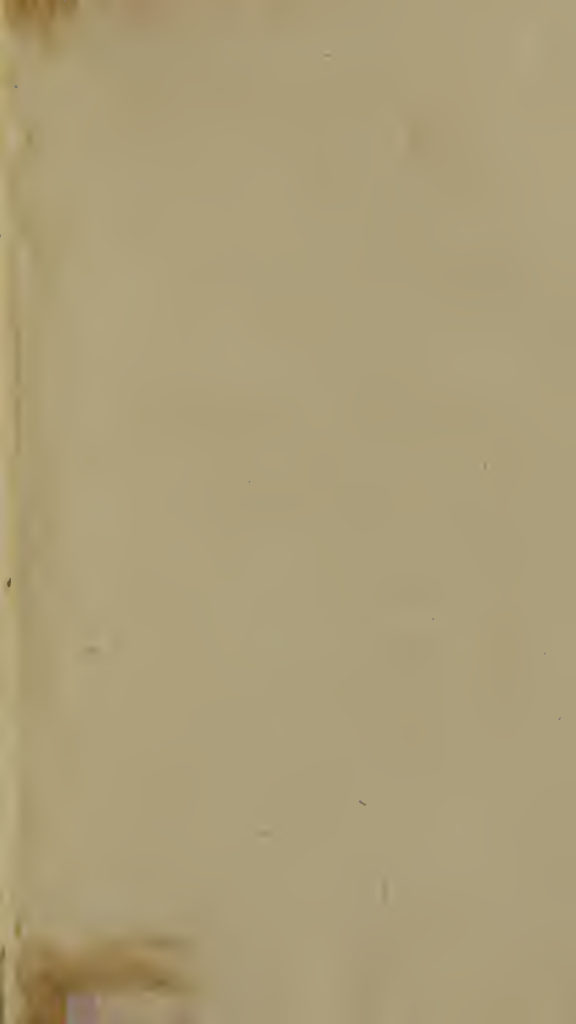




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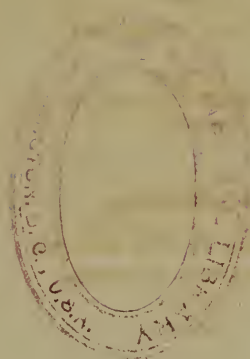


Mineral Waters.

A POEM.

1899

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



A
POEM,
ON THE
MINERAL WATERS
OF
BALLSTON AND SARATOGA,
WITH
NOTES
ILLUSTRATING THE
HISTORY OF THE SPRINGS
AND
ADJACENT COUNTRY:

BY REUBEN SEARS, A. M.

BALLSTON SPA:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,
J. COMSTOCK, PRINTER.

.....
1819.

NORTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, ss.

* SEAL. *
* *****
BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twelfth day of March, in the forty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, REUBEN SEARS, of the said District, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor, in the words following, to wit :

“ A Poem, on the Mineral Waters of Ballston and Saratoga, with notes, illustrating the history of the Springs, and adjacent country. By Reuben Sears, A. M.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “ An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned :” and also to an act, entitled “ An act, supplementary to an act, for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.”

RICHARD R. LANSING, *Clerk*
of the Northern District of New-York.

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PREFACE.

The thought happened to occur to the Author, a few months ago, that the MINERAL SPRINGS in the county of Saratoga, so highly celebrated, and commanding so general a resort, would furnish a good subject for a Poem, could justice be done it in the execution. To such a task he was far from considering himself as adequate, yet felt strongly inclined to make the attempt. The result is the Poem now offered to the public; the merit of which is submitted to the judgment of the reader. The history of such Springs, and of the region in which they are situated, is an object of rational curiosity, and therefore notes illustrating that subject have been added, partly original, and partly extracted from the writings of others. The author has thought proper, also, to annex a short poem or two on other subjects, written, except a few alterations now made, many years ago, which he hopes will be found not altogether unacceptable.

THE
MINERAL WATERS
OF
BALLSTON AND SARATOGA.

LAND of my birth! where first the vital air
Of heaven I drew, and first mine opening
 eyes
Beheld the world's fair frame; whose fields
 and groves,
In childhood and in youth, my feet have trod;
Thy name is known abroad, and sweetly
 join'd
With health and pleasure, joy and gay de-
 light.

Whence is thy fame? Though Saratoga's
 fields
Are whiten'd with the bones of those that fell
When our victorious arms the host subdu'd,

That from the north, bore down t'enslave
the land;

Yet this turns not on thee the eyes of all.

Others in this respect thy rivals are,

Lexington, Monmouth, and of recent date,

New-Orleans' bloody field, and Baltimore.

Thy fame is not from death and streaming
blood,

Like Waterloo, where nought but carnage
reigns,

And thousands pil'd on thousands yield a
fame,

Stain'd with the widow's and the orphan's
tears.

For smiles not tears, for life not death, re-
nown'd

Art thou, and to the joyous scene of health

And pleasure draw'st the thronging multi-
tudes.

What draws them here? what but the pre-
cious gift

Of bounteous heaven, that in this favor'd
spot,

Hath caused to spring waters of life, that heal
The maladies of man, and cheer his heart.

Thy glory lies within thy vales, that
wind(1)
Their course along thy centre, and abound
With Mineral Springs, that inexhaustible
hold forth
The cup of health and joy, to all that come!

Here nature so hath form'd the soil, so laid
And so arrang'd the Min'ral substances,
Earths, stones and ores, that the sweet veins
of water
Coursing the well prepared ground, imbibe
The richest qualities, and issue forth
In never failing founts, to bless mankind.

What, and by what process form'd, these
waters are,
Let learned Chymists tell; from whence de-
rived
That fine ethereal spirit, that pervades
The agitated mass, and to it gives
Pungency of taste and quick'ning power;

From what source proceeds the strength-
ning iron,
The salt cathartic, and each different kind
Of rich ingredient contain'd therein.

Skillful Geologists may search the vales,
The streams, and hills surrounding, and dis-
close
The various strata, that compose the ground,
'The fine silicious sand, and stiff blue clay,
The schist argillous, and the lime-stone rock,
And whate'er else may serve to form a soil,
Of such peculiar nature, to produce
Fountains of such unrival'd excellence.

Such themes the muse must only hint, and
dwell
On those obvious to sense and popular.
Hers it is not to penetrate the depths
And secret mysteries of nature's works.
She skims the surface, and delighted views
The glorious workmanship, when brought to
light.

As if suspended o'er eternal fire,

From sight conceal'd, these fountains boil
and toss,

In restless agitation, evermore.

Up from the bottom comes the rushing gas,
Hast'ning from its imprison'd state to burst
Into the open regions of the air.

Hence the continual tossing of the founts;
A lively spirit hence through ev'ry part,
Pungent and exhilarating is diffus'd.

But soon the evanescent spirit flies,
If from the parent fount you separate
A portion of the water, and expose
To atmospheric air. The subtle gas
Quickly escapes, and leaves a stagnant mass
Vapid, saline, and loathsome to the taste.

Clear and transparent are these precious
founts,

As purest water of the pebbled brook.
No dull opaque their chrystal clearness
dims,

Nor floating mote their purity impairs.
Not George's sacred lake, frequented erst,(2)
By superstition's children, to obtain

For holy water its pellucid wave,
Presents a fairer mirror to the eye.

Clear as they are, these waters yet contain

The elements of grosser substances,
Held in solution by the powerful hand
Of the carbonic gas. Here float unseen,
As chymical analysis hath shown,
Iron and magnesia, salt and lime;
Which, with th' enliv'ning gas, the fluid give
Virtues medicinal, removing oft
Divers diseases, that infest the frame
Of frail and mortal man. Redundant bile,
And ev'ry gross secretion, that obstructs
The nice form'd channels of the human
frame,
And choaks the streams of life, are hence
expell'd.
The vital flood flows free, and quick, and
pure;
The languid nerves are strung with tension
new;
Disorder'd stomachs rectified, and health,
Vigour, and sprightfulness are felt again.

Come to these fountains then, ye sons of
sloth !

Pamper'd with luxury, and bloated full
With those gross humors, from which active
toil

And plainer fare preserve the lab'ring class,
Who spurn the fell, inebriating bowl :
Drink of these waters, and throw off the load,
That bears on nature with oppressive weight,
And for consuming fever food supplies.

Children of languor and of feebleness !
With nerves unstrung and sinews all re-
lax'd,
Of sluggish blood, and weak, inactive frame,
Moving about in painful lassitude ;
Would you once more acquire that spright-
ly vigor,
That bounds delighted over hill and dale,
Drink of these waters. Their enliv'ning gas
Will urge the blood to swifter speed, and
give
The spirits an exhilarating flow.
Of tonic power their iron firm will brace

Each muscle, nerve, and sinew, and restore
To wonted energy your weaken'd frame.

Ye! who in crowded cities live immur'd,
Midst dust, and smoke, and exhalations foul,
From mingled masses of corruption drawn;
Where nought but frost can purify the air,
And temp'rate months alone can be enjoy'd;
Now while the summer's heat oppressive
 reigns,

Augmented by reflection, and the breeze,
Obstructed by the close built town, fans not
With undulations free your sultry dwellings,
Come to these rural seats, where the sweet
 air

Of purest heaven you'll breathe, where un-
 confin'd

The cooling breezes play, and from th' ef-
 fects

Of nerve relaxing heat these Springs supply
A kind restorative, not known elsewhere.

Ye children of the high ascending sun!
Who dwell contiguous to the torrid zone,

Where the fierce orb, his northern tropic
gaining,
Pours down in rays direct, a flaming flood,
Turning the fields to dust, and burning up
The gay, green robe of nature; haste away
From burning suns and arid fields, and come
Where verdant groves and smiling meads
are seen,
And' fountains bubble with delight and joy.

The call is heard. From ev'ry part ar-
rive
Th' afflicted children of disease and pain,
To try the virtues of these healing founts.
Nor this alone. The wealthy and the gay,
Forth from the cities and from southern
climes,
Flock to these Springs, what time the glori-
ous sun
Reigns in full power upon his northern
throne.
Nought then is seen but crowded carriages,
And thronging Visitants. Crowd succeeds
crowd,
In quick succession, like the restless waves.

From Boston's eastern shore to Georgia's
clime

Far distant in the south, and e'en the Isles
Of western India, here the strangers come.
The polish'd multitudes fill up and throng
Our little towns, and o'er these rural scenes,
Splendor, and life, and gaiety diffuse.

Hence in these vales, at places where the
Springs(3)

Break from the earth, two thriving villages
Have risen, Ballston and Saratoga.
Where not long since extensive woods pre-
vail'd

And dreary solitudes, by savage men
Inhabited alone and beasts of prey,
Now rise to view the seats of polish'd life;
Well-peopled villages, in which are seen
The neat, convenient dwelling, and the
store

Fill'd with the products of far distant climes,
The sacred spire ascending into heaven,
That calls to prayer and praise a christian
people,

The shop mechanic, and the school-house,
where,

The little swarming tribes are duly taught,
The trav'ler's inn, in which, when faint
and weary,

Refreshment, rest, and comfort he may find;
Hotels of large extent, expressly form'd
The vast concourse of strangers to receive,
Commodious, pleasant, serv'd in highest
style,

Where wealth and leisure find a choice re-
treat,

And fashion sports her gay, bewitching
charms.

In times remote, these Springs were doubt-
less known,

If not by civil, yet by savage man.

When erst these regions nature's empire
own'd,

And forests dark o'erspread these cultur'd
fields,

The Indian wild, rude nature's pupil,
taught(4)

The healing powers of roots and herbs to
know,

Roaming these woods in quest of game or foe,
Or plants medicinal, observ'd, I ween,

These boiling fountains, curious to the eye,
And of peculiar taste; he drank, admir'd,

And to others show'd the liquid treasure.

One and another came and oft they drank,

Till by repeated trials it was found

These curious waters qualities possess,

Of health restoring power. By degrees

Their fame increas'd and spread thro' vari-
ous tribes.

Afflicted with disease the Indian then,

Who'd tri'd in vain each healing root and
herb,

Came to these Springs from distant wilds,
perhaps,

In quest of health. The worn down War-
rior here

Sought to renew his vigor. The huntsman
too,

Exhausted in the chase, bow'd down and
drank

These waters, of enliv'ning power, and sound
Recruited strength and spirits, in those days,
When 'mongst this simple race, was yet un-
known

That pois'nous liquor, so destructive since.
Warriors far fam'd and chiefs of high renown
Amongst the native children of these woods,
Here friendly met, it may be, long before
Columbus and his crew had cross'd the main,
From Europe's shores, and other people
sought

These vast and distant wilds, till then un-
known.

And long these inland regions were un-
known.

Save by their native, rude inhabitants,
E'en after Europe's race had ascertain'd
A new world lay beneath the setting sun.
To climes far south, the first advent'ers
came,
Regions of vast extent, where mountains
rear'd
Their cloud-clapp'd summits, and the earth
contain'd

Rich mines of precious metals, to attract
The never cloy'd cupidity of man.

Other adventurers this northern world
Descri'd, and on th' Atlantic coasts, at length,
A few, weak, scatter'd settlements were
made,

Which by degrees increas'd and bound'ries
form'd

These central regions round. St. Lawrence's gulph

The sons of Gallia enter'd, in the North,
And up that noble stream ascending form'd
Their infant settlements; and in the South,
The Mississippi's fertile banks along,
Planting another colony, again,
Form'd the bold project to unite, ere long,
In the great western Lakes th' extremes of
both.

The sons of Britain, on the eastern shore,
At Plymouth's rock and Boston's harbor fixt
Their pilgrim habitations, when they fled
From persecution in their native land.
And drawing nearer, Belgia's sons advanc'd

Into the Hudson's mouth, and up the stream,
To where Albania now her turrets rears.
Here a small fort they built, and on the spot,
Where New-York now in wealth and splen-
dor stands,
The grand emporium of this western world.

Meanwhile the Savage tribes these re-
gions held,
O'erspread by dark, tall woods, of vast ex-
tent,
Which wild beasts roam'd and with their
howlings fill'd.
By stream or lake their habitations fixing,
These boundless wilds they wander'd o'er
to find
Or beast for food, or foe to glut their rage.
From Hudson's stream and lakes Champlain
and George,(5)
To where Ontario rolls her sea-like waves,
Five nations own'd, confed'rate, fierce and
strong,
Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas call'd,
Cayugas, Senecas, to whom were join'd,
In after times, the Tuscarora tribe.

These with more northern tribes a contest held,
Bloody and fierce, as savage wars are wont,
And of successful issue. Hereupon
Canadian Frenchmen, envying their success,
Sought to subdue and also to seduce
These firm and warlike tribes, but fail'd in both.
Dire was the contest, with disasters fill'd,
That to the fearful brink of ruin brought
The infant Colony. Forth from their woods,
Numerous and fierce the Indians rush'd a-
main,
And man and child and woman ruthless slew.
This Montreal! thou canst witness. Thou
didst feel(6)
The fury of these tribes, with wrath inflam'd,
And thirsting for revenge. On thee secure,
Of such approach not dreaming, sudden burst
A num'rous band, who terror and dismay,
And carnage and destruction o'er thee
spread.
Dread was the stroke, repeated soon again,

And by incursions frequent follow'd up.
The poor inhabitants in terror liv'd or died
in pain ;
The fields untill'd or ravag'd nought produc'd,
And ghastly famine through the province
stalk'd,
And utter ruin star'd them in the face.
Nought sav'd thee then o'erwhelmed Canada !
But thy strong holds, which Indian skill and
power,
Unaided and alone, could not reduce.

While thus incessant war they furious
wag'd(7)
With Gallia's province, friendship's bright
chain
Unbroken was preserv'd, these tribes be-
tween
And the first settlers of our infant state,
While Belgian rule prevail'd, or British sway.
Even at their very doors, up Hudson's
stream.(8)
At Albany, these strangers settled down,
And farther west, another Village built,

On that fair stream, that bore the Mohawks'
name;

Yet molestation none these Indians gave,
But ever liv'd in amity and peace;
Though French intriguers tri'd their ut-
most skill

To win them over to the side of France,
And with a few succeeded, who exchange'd
For seats in Canada their former homes.

But hence imagine not that Indian wars
Our sires had none, nor savage fury felt.
Alas! the Muse can tell of horrors dread(9)
On thee Schenectady! that sudden seiz'd,
When French and Indians through the track-
less wilds,

That lay between thee and Canadian towns,
Stole unperceiv'd, mid winter's frost and
snow,

To thine unguarded walls. Ah! hadst thou
known

The coming of the foe, thou hadst been safe.
The feeble band, exhausted with a march

Long, cold, and tedious, through a wintry
waste,

Had to the smallest force surrender'd quick.
But finding thee secure, they ventur'd in,
And horrors, dreadful to relate! ensued.

Cold and tempestuous was that dismal
night.

The stormy wind roar'd in the heavens.—

The snow

Fell thick and fast. Th' inhabitants their
doors,

No ill suspecting, clos'd, and to their heds
Retir'd to rest. There lay the Parents
slumb'ring:

In sweet repose the darling children there:
Warm in its mother's breast the infant slept;
And all within was dark and still and peace-
ful.

When lo! a dreadful noise their slumbers
broke,

And rous'd them to amazement, horror,
death.

Their doors burst open. Armed men rush'd
in.

Carnage most horrible ensu'd, that spar'd
Nor sex nor age. Devouring flames arose.
Confusion reign'd. Blood flow'd. The sav-
age yell
Mingled with death's deep groan, and cries
that rose
From terror and distraction. With ruthless
band,
They pierc'd the Father's heart; dash'd out
the brains
Of helpless children; slaughter'd the Mother,
And her infant threw the burning flames a-
midst.
Many fell dead, a few were captives made,
Naked the rest fled trembling thro' the snow,
And to Albania bore the horrid news.

'Tween France and England, with their
fierce allies,
Wars frequent rag'd. These tracts there-
fore, that lay
Their settlements between, were often trod
By hostile feet, while to and fro through
them
Both parties march'd for purposes of war,

And on each other brought distress and terror.

Amidst such direful scenes, Europeans first
Came to the knowledge of these Min'ral
Springs.

An Indian, it is said, (of those no doubt(10)
Whom French intrigues had from this country drawn)

In earlier wars, a sick French captain led,
To these rare fountains, to regain his health.
Hence sprung their fame. Others thereafter
heard

Their being and their virtues. Others came,
Though not in crowds nor frequent, to behold

These Fountains, and their healing waters
drink.

At length to cultivation's power began(11)
The wilderness to yield. Canadian realms
Wrested from French had pass'd to British
hands,

And gentle peace her wings wav'd o'er these
wilds

So bloody once. The Colonies increas'd

Sent forth their children to explore new
lands,

And the dark, frowning wilderness convert
To fair and fruitful fields. Here settlers
came.

These forests dark they enter'd and assail'd
With strong laborious hand. Before them
fell

The lofty trees; the thick entangled woods
Were clear'd away; and cottages arose;
And cultur'd fields, now here, now there, ap-
pear'd.

The settlements progress'd; the lands im-
prov'd;

In friendship still remain'd the Indian tribes;
And fair and bright the opening prospect
seem'd.

The first inhabitants these fountains knew
And us'd and for their virtues highly priz'd.
And had not that dire scourge, that blasts
so oft

The hope of man, and fairest regions turns
To dreary desolation, hover'd o'er;

Had peace maintain'd her sway, nor to wild
war

The sceptre yielded up; these Springs had
soon

Grown into gen'ral use, and call'd from far
For health and pleasure crowds of visitants.

But ah! the time of long, unbroken peace
Not yet had come. Those quiet days, those
scenes

Of gaiety and joy, that since have been
Were distant far. The seeds of discord
sown,

'The Colonies and Parent Land between,
Sprang up, and ripen'd into open war;
War full of toil and danger, civil war,
In which on diff'rent sides were kindred
rang'd,

And not alone was fear'd a foreign foe,
But nearest neighbors watch'd with jealous
eye,

Here on the rude frontier, the borders plac'd
Of wide extending woods, our Sires endur'd
Vexations cruel, terror, and distress.

Not French and Indians now, but Indians
 join'd
With British soldiers, once protectors deem'd,
And neighbors turn'd from friends to deadly
 foes,
Stealing thro' darksome woods and midnight
 shades,
In ev'ry bosom anxious fears awoke.

How sunk the heart of mother and of child
When round was swift convey'd the tidings
 dread
Of foe approaching near, and off was call'd
Farther and husband to oppose in arms.
What terror thrill'd the soul, when hear'd
 the news(12)
Of Neighbors sudden seiz'd and captive led
By savage foe, at night, or tory band!
An Infant then the poet sweetly slept,
In pillow'd cradle, or maternal arms,
Nor thought of war, nor dreamt of danger
 nigh;
And such the fate of numbers, now that tread
These peaceful fields : but ah ! our parents
 felt

The pangs of deep anxiety : oft they pass'd
The sleepless night, not knowing when or
where
Danger and death might come. Dark were
those days,
And little hope, at times, the patriot felt.

What consternation through the country
spread !
When hover'd o'er the army of Burguoyne,
Numerous and strong, and threat'ning to
bear down
All force that might oppose : a gen'ral panic
Spread around, and deep despondency pre-
vail'd ;
While now and then was hear'd a horrid tale
Of savage cruelties, that thrill'd the soul,
Of Parents, children scalp'd, and blooming
youth,
In female form, inhumanly destroy'd.

Such was thy fate lamented Jane ; who
fell(13)
By wild, ferocious hands, when hope's sweet
beams

Play'd round thine heart, and soon thou
thought'st to see

Thy friend belov'd, and join your plighted
hands.

But ah ! no touch of human pity knew
'The Savage fell, whose murd'rous weapon
smote

Thine hapless head, and left thee on the
ground,

A mangled corse. Yet not in vain thy
death ;

With other cruelties, it serv'd to rouse
The dormant spirit of the land, and turn
Their fiercest indignation 'gainst the foe.

And now arous'd from ev'ry part pour'd in
'The brave and hardy owners, of the soil,
Children, and wives, and friends, and sacred
rights,

By force of arms determin'd to protect.
'The drooping spirits of the soldier rose ;
The army gather'd strength. And now
drew on

The grand, decisive conflict : now ap-
proach'd,

On Saratoga's fields, th' opposing hosts,
Each other boldly facing; Now they join'd
In battle fierce and valiant deeds perform'd,
While wounded, dead and dying strew'd the
ground.

Once and again they fought, until at last, (14)
Brittain's proud host submitted to our arms.
The joyful tidings through the country
spread,

And ev'ry heart exulted, ev'ry eye
Sparkled with liveliest joy, and on each face
So lately sad, the smile of rapture play'd.

War's toils, distractions, and alarms, at
length,
Had pass'd away. Sweet peace her gentle
reign
Commenc'd, and through the land, order once
more,

And quiet days, and all the mild pursuits
Of civil life, prevail'd. Business revived.
Their sev'ral arts Mechanics briskly ply'd.
The farmer thrust his ploughshare in the soil,
And o'er his fertile fields rich harvests wav'd.

Commerce unfurl'd her sails, and gaily bore
Her various treasures o'er the swelling
wave.

European nations, plung'd in furious wars,
Of long continuance, pour'd a stream of
wealth,

Constant and full, into the favor'd lap
Of this fair spreading land. We rose at
once.

In splendor, wealth, and population grew
Our towns along the coast, while far inland,
The tide of Emigration onward roll'd.

And now, through ev'ry part, was soon
proclaim'd

The virtues rare of these unrivall'd Springs.
Diseases to remove and health regain,
Or e'n their brisk, enliv'ning waters to par-
take

For pleasure's sake, th' inhabitants around
Repair'd to them. Still more and more in-
creas'd

Their fame. From regions more and more
remote,

The votaries of health these waters sought.

Imbosom'd in the woods they found them
first,(15)

A little opening made, and houses built,
Few, small, and rude, that shelter only serv'd
And plainest fare to furnish for their Guests.
Increasing still the crowd of Visitants,
Riches and Enterprize here cast an eye,
And neat, commodious buildings soon were
rais'd,

Of larger size, and serv'd in better style.
Hotels of vast extent at length arose,
In whose capacious bosoms were receiv'd,
Of Guests the copious streams, that hither
flow'd

From various regions. Villages sprang up,
Flourishing, and large, enliven'd, and en-
rich'd,

With annual crowds of polish'd Visitants.

These vales, so lately wild, have thus be-
come

The gay resort of fashion and of wealth,
Disease's hope, and leisure's sweet retreat,
And such, no doubt, will evermore remain,

While these rich fountains boil, and men
delight,

From crowded cities and oppressive heat
Flying, to quaff the cool delicious draught,
Where smiling nature all around invites,
And free and pure, ambrosial breezes play.

NOTES.

NOTES

ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE SPRINGS AND ADJACENT COUNTRY.

(1) *Thy glory lies within thy vales, that wind
Their course along thy centre, and abound
With Min'ral Springs, &c.*

THE County of Saratoga, commencing on the south, from the Mohawk river, at its junction with the Hudson, stretches along the west side of the latter river up to its northern branches. Through the centre of this County passes the Kayaderosseras creek, a large and never failing stream, emptying itself into Saratoga lake, which again discharges its waters, by means of Fish Creek, into the Hudson. The Mineral Springs, lie in two valleys, formed by streams, which run into the Kayaderosseras. The first valley is situated in the town of Milton, contiguous to

the north boundary of the town of Ballston, from which latter town, as having originally comprehended them, the Springs have received their name. This valley is 26 miles from Albany, about 10 miles due north from the Mohawk, and about 12 miles west from the Hudson. It lies south of the Kayaderosseras creek, into which, the stream passing through it, empties itself, a few rods below the Springs. It commences at the south-west, where the stream, which had previously flowed towards the south, fetches a short compass round a point of land towards the north-east, runs some distance in that direction, then turns and passes off towards the east. The valley follows the course of the Creek, is narrow at first; but after it has taken an eastern direction, its north bank suddenly recedes, and forms a beautiful plain, opening to view the full flowing stream of the Kayaderosseras. The north-west side of the valley is bordered by sand hills, high and very steep. At the south-west end commences a smooth and gentle ridge of land, which runs east, sloping towards the

north, until making a gradual circuit, it turns its inclining surface towards the west. The termination of this slope is the curving bank of the valley, along its south-eastern side.

In this valley several Springs are situated. The Public Spring, which was first discovered, stands in the highway, near the bend of the valley towards the east, and about an hundred rods further down, is Low's Spring, on the private property of that gentleman. Until a recent change in one of them, these two Springs were very similar in their qualities, being highly charged with carbonic acid gas, and containing large quantities of salt, magnesia, lime, and iron: but near the latter, is one of a different character, denominated from its peculiarity the Sulphur Spring. All these Springs are near the south-eastern bank of the valley. Between the Public and Low's Spring, on the other side of the creek, and within its banks, are two Springs, contiguous to each other, similar, as to their general properties, to

those Springs, though more strongly impregnated with some ingredients.

The Springs in this valley have undergone considerable changes, since their first discovery. Where the Public Spring is, there were formerly two, one of which, by the intermeddling of man, has since been lost. The one now remaining, was, when first discovered, a large, full fountain, rising to the surface of the ground, and running off. A wooden curb has since been sunk at the bottom, upon which is placed a marble one, and the ground raised about the Spring, which hath been ornamented by a handsome iron railing, and marble platform, beneath which the water discharges.

About 20 years after the discovery of the Public Spring, another was found on the property of Mr. Low. This Spring rose at first in the middle of the creek, but in a flood, the course of the stream was turned a little farther north, leaving the spring just at the south edge, so that in high water it was entirely covered, but in low water

could be approached and used. The waters of the creek were afterward diverted, by the proprietor, into a new channel, at a little distance, and by digging about, and endeavoring to enlarge the spring, it was so much injured as to become unfit for drinking, though said to have been originally superior to the Public Spring. It is now used for bathing, being under the body of a house built for that purpose, and receiving by a conduit the waters that discharge from the two springs near by. In the middle of the creek, however, flowing in its new channel another spring suddenly burst out, with a loud noise, in a considerable column of water, which rose some distance above the surface of the creek, for about 48 hours, and then sunk to the level of the stream. Exertions were made to put this spring in such a state that it could be used, but without effect. The creek has since been turned into a new channel, cut for that purpose, at a considerable distance, and the spring entirely lost. Subsequent to the explosion of

this spring, there appeared, at the distance of about 2 rods, in the original bed of the creek, a moist spot, with bubbles of air frequently rising. Here Mr. Low dug down and placed a curb, inclosing by this means the spring, which now bears his name.

The springs in highest estimation however are of very recent origin. In the month of August, 1817, continual rains had swollen the creek, which passes through the valley, to a great height, and produced a destructive flood. Near the Public Spring, the furious stream cut for itself a new course, and a few rods lower down, it again diverted a little from its former channel, which, upon the subsiding of the water, was left dry. In this deserted channel, veins of mineral water were soon discovered, issuing up through the sand, and forming, on the surface, a large fountain. As the water rose through a deep bed of loose gravel, blue clay, and quick sand, was foul, discoloured, and mingled with large quantities of fresh water; great difficulties were apprehended in get-

ting it into a state proper for use. This, however, was happily accomplished, in a simple and easy manner. Two tubes were forced down to different depths, through which rose waters, differing considerably in their qualities, and constituting, in fact, two new springs. The first tube was sunk to the depth of fourteen feet, is on a level with the surrounding earth, and not being perfectly tight at the top, never overflows with water. The depth of the second tube, below the surface of the earth, is twenty three feet, and into it an additional tube, five feet long, has been inserted; through the whole of which length, that is, twenty eight feet, the water rises to the surface, boiling and sparkling in the most curious and beautiful manner, and falling down in every direction over the sides of the tube. These springs, especially the latter, it has been proposed to call the Washington Fountain, and they are commonly distinguished from each other by the descriptive appellations of the low and the high tube.

The following observations on the qualities of these waters are extracted from a letter, published in the New-York Evening Post, September 26, 1818, written by Doct. Mead, to the Editor of that paper.

“ I have found,” saith he “ that the Washington fountain (meaning thereby the high tube,) contains more carbonic acid gas, than any other mineral spring which has ever been examined in this country, and certainly much more than any in Europe of which we have any correct account:—one quart of this water, or 55,750 cubic inches of it, contains nearly 76 cubic inches of this gas. The adjoining well does not contain any thing like the same quantity of gas.

“ The next valuable qualities which these springs possess, arise from the quantity of iron which they contain, held in solution by the carbonic acid. According to my former analysis of the Ballston and Saratoga waters, I never found any of them to contain more than one grain of iron in a quart, but I think I may venture to state, from ac-

tual experiments, that the Washington Fountain contains nearly double that quantity; but the adjoining spring not quite so much.

“ With respect to the saline contents of these springs, they do not differ materially in quality from those waters at Ballston, the analysis of which I have given to the public. None of them contain sulphats; in this they differ from most mineral waters; their cathartic properties, therefore, are derived principally from the muriate of soda, or common salt, with which they are impregnated. The Washington fountain, however, contains less of this salt than any of the springs either at Ballston or Saratoga, while the adjoining spring contains much more than any of them, except the Congress spring.

“ The Washington Fountain is so highly charged with carbonic acid gas, and contains also so much iron, that it may be ranked in the first class of tonic remedies; but at the same time, it is one the use of which requires much caution. It possesses all the good qualities which are attributed either to

the waters of the Seltzer or Pyrmont, and some of them in a superior degree. It is superior to the Seltzer or Spa, in containing iron, in which they are both deficient; and it differs materially from the Pyrmont, in containing a sufficient quantity of muriate of Soda, to act as a cooling febrifuge, and to counteract, in some degree, the heating and stimulating qualities of the other ingredients, which, in some constitutions, would totally forbid the use of them. I have never as yet met with, nor have I heard of any water that so nearly resembles the waters of Germany, as the Washington Fountain. It may be drank with great advantage in all cases of general debility, where there is great relaxation and loss of tone; and particularly in diseases of the stomach.

“Of the adjoining spring, that is the low tube, Doctor Mead remarks, that it “has been found to possess very powerful purgative qualities, and may be considered as a sort of intermediate between the waters of Ballston and Saratoga. It is evidently, even to the taste, more saline than any of the

springs at Ballston, or than any, excepting one, at Saratoga; and I have found by analysis, that it contains nearly one-fifth more of muriate of soda or common salt, than any other, except that one; and besides, possesses in the same proportion, all the other ingredients, such as carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of lime, and iron. It cannot therefore be doubted, that it becomes a very active purgative, sufficiently effectual to answer almost all useful purposes, particularly if drank under proper management, and with due precaution; the neglect of which will not only prevent the Congress water from having the desired effect, but render too free a use of it highly injurious to the system."

Since these Springs broke out, Low's Spring has undergone an essential alteration. It has recently lost its pungency and agreeable taste, and become vapid and nauseous.

The second valley lies 7 miles to the north, in the town of Saratoga Springs. At its commencement it consists of two branches, one from the south, the other from the west,

which soon uniting, run, as far as the principal Springs are concerned, to the north-east. The valley is in the midst of an extensive plain, spreading around in all directions, but soon terminating towards the north in hills, which gradually swell into mountains.—Through it passes a stream of water, coming from the west, then turning to the north-east, and afterwards, in a south eastern course, emptying itself finally into the Kay-aderosseras. In this vale are a number of Springs. Near the junction of the two branches is situated the Congress Spring, at the foot of a beautiful little cascade, formed by the stream, which rises about fifty rods to the west of the place. Westerly from the Congress about fifteen rods, and a short distance from the south side of the brook, is the Columbian, about fifty rods to the south west of which, by the side of a rill of remarkably pure water, at present in the bushes, is the Washington, elevated about twenty feet above the surface of the Congress.

Proceeding from the Congress, in a north

east direction, about fifty rods, we come to the Hamilton Spring, from which at the distance of about one hundred rods, along the course of the brook, is the Flat Rock, in a northerly direction from which, again, about one hundred rods further, is the High Rock, beyond which are the President and the Red Spring. In the same valley, about one mile in an easterly direction from the High Rock, a number of springs have been discovered, within a few years, called in general Taylor's Springs, being situated on land belonging to two brothers of that name. A new Spring has also been discovered, the present year, between the Hamilton and Flat Rock.

Of all the springs in this valley, as well as of those in that of Ballston, the High Rock is the most ancient. It was known and visited at an early period, while the country was yet an entire wilderness.

“The water of this fountain is surrounded by a conical rock, which,” says Doctor Steel, “is, very justly, considered the greatest natural curiosity which the country affords; its

diameter, at the base, is between eight and nine feet, and its height between five and six ; at its top is a circular opening, nearly twelve inches in diameter, which gradually widens as the rock enlarges, leaving its walls of nearly an equal thickness throughout. In this cavity the water rises to within two feet of the top, and is there seen constantly agitated by the incessant escape of carbonic gas, for which, the vacancy above the water, forms a capacious and secure reservoir, where the curious are frequently entertained by its deleterious effects on animal life."

The springs next discovered in this vale were the Flat Rock, the President and the Red Spring, which are said to have been found about the year 1784, & 85.

The Congress Spring was discovered, about twenty seven years ago. It was first perceived issuing from a small aperture, in one of the rocks situated near the base of the little water-fall in the brook. This rock, however, was, by some accident, moved from its place, and the mineral stream

thereby lost. But not long after, an inhabitant of the place, by the name of Putnam, perceiving bubbles of air to rise up through the water, in the middle of the brook, turned the stream from its course, and having removed the earth, to the depth of about eight feet, discovered a strong mineral water, rising from among the stones and gravel of the bottom, in numerous places. Preparing a conical box, and placing the widest end of it so as to include the greatest number of these little fountains, he replaced the earth around it, and thus secured the present Congress Spring, so well known and highly celebrated.

Of these Mineral Springs, generally, the natural appearance is curious and pleasing. Through the water of the Congress, the gas escapes in fine bubbles, and causes a simmering on the surface, similar to that which is exhibited by water just before it begins to boil violently. A similar description would apply to the water in the low tube of the New Spring at Ballston. In other springs, the gas breaks up through the water in large

bubbles, and causes a more violent agitation. In the ebullitions of most, there are very short and irregular intervals; but in the high tube, at Ballston, there is constantly a smart boiling, without the least intermission. In the Red Spring, at Saratoga, numerous particles of fine sand, of that colour, are seen floating in it when agitated, and in the low tube at Ballston, particles of a redish cast may also be observed. Generally, however, the waters of these springs are remarkably clear and transparent.— They have a pungent and agreeable taste, and possess a stimulating and refreshing quality. As powerful remedies also in many cases of disease, they are well known and highly celebrated.

Beside the Springs in these two, there are in a valley between them, formed by the principal northern branch of the Kaya-derosseras, a good chalybeate spring. called Ellis', being on land belonging to a gentleman of that name, and a strong scented sulphur spring, which, however, have not as yet, attracted any general attention. The

Quaker Springs, little known, are in the town of Stillwater, near a Quaker meeting-house, about 10 miles south east from Saratoga.

(2) *Not George's sacred Lake, frequented erst,
By superstition's children, to obtain
For holy water, its pellucid wave, &c.*

Lake George is remarkable for the transparency of its waters. "It was called Lake Sacrament by the French, who, in former times, were at the pains to procure this water for sacramental uses in all their churches in Canada : hence probably it derived its name."

Morse's Gazetteer.

(3) *Hence in these vales, at places where the Springs
Break from the earth, two thriving villages
Have risen, Ballston and Saratoga."*

The name of Ballston, belongs strictly to a town about 5 miles square, the north boundary of which embraces a part of the village ; the principal portion of which lies

within the adjacent town of Milton. The proper name of the village is Ballston Spa, by which name it was incorporated in 1807, and put under the government of three trustees, annually chosen. This distinction ought to be carefully observed by all who have occasion to correspond with visitants at these waters, a post office being established not only in the village but also at some distance, in the town of Ballston.

The village of Ballston Spa lies within and along side of the valley, in which rise the Mineral Springs. It contains 112 houses, exclusive of out-houses, some of which being attached to taverns and large hotels are extensive and add considerably to the village. The number of inhabitants is 614. It is a place of considerable business throughout the year; the lands in the neighborhood being generally fertile, and the trade of the inhabitants centering here. There are at present five large stores for the sale of dry goods and groceries, an extensive hardware and a druggist store, two printing offices and a bookstore, with which is connected,

for the accommodation of strangers, a circulating library and reading room. On the Kayaderosseras, mills for various purposes, with a cupola furnace, have been erected, at a little distance from and within sight of the village. The court-house for the county of Saratoga is located here, and is a large brick edifice, newly erected and well built.— There are two houses for public worship, an academy, and in addition to several inns, three large boarding houses, expressly designed for the accommodation of strangers, at the season of general resort.

The village of Saratoga, properly called Saratoga Springs, lies in the town of Saratoga, according to its original boundaries, but by a recent division thereof, falls in the town of Saratoga Springs. The village is 12 miles from the river Hudson, on the west side of the valley, that contains the springs. It consists of two parts, the upper or old, and the lower or new village. These two taken together, are about the size of Ballston Spa. They contain one house for public worship, a number of stores and inns,

three large boarding houses, a printing office and book-store, with a circulating library and reading room. A post office is established in the village, and another at some distance in the town of Saratoga.

(4) *The Indian wild, rude nature's pupil taught
The healing powers of roots and herbs to know,
Roaming these woods in quest of game or foe,
Or plants medicinal, observed, I ween,
These boiling fountains, &c.*

“The Spring first discovered, was the High Rock; and the tradition of the Indians assures us that they were well acquainted with its medicinal qualities long before the country was explored by the Europeans.— Their attention was first attracted to the spot by the great quantity of game that frequented the place as a salt lick, and they became more attached to it from a discovery of the efficacy of the water in the removal of rheumatism, and some other complaints to which they were subject.

Steel's Analysis.

(5) *From Hudson's stream and Lakes Champlain
and George,
To where Ontario rolls her sea-like waves,
Five nations own'd, confed'rate, fierce, and
strong, &c. &c.*

Among these nations a confederacy had subsisted from time immemorial. Subsequent to the settlement of European Colonies, the Tuscaroraes, a people driven by the inhabitants of Carolina from the frontiers of Virginia, were received into the confederacy upon a presumption, derived from some similitude between their languages, that they were originally of the same stock with the five nations.

The rivers Hudson, St. Lawrence, and Ohio, with the Lakes George, Champlain, Ontario and Erie, may be considered as the general boundaries of their country, though in their greatest prosperity, their power extended beyond these limits. "Our Indians, (says Smith in his History of New-York)"universally concur in the claim of all the lands, not sold to the English, from the

mouth of Sorel river, on the south side of the Lakes Erie and Ontario, on both sides of the Ohio, till it falls into the Mississippi; and on the north side of those Lakes, that whole territory between the Outawais river, and the Lake Huron, and even beyond the streights between that and Lake Erie."

"When the Dutch began the settlement of this country, all the Indians on Long Island, and the northern shore of the sound, on the banks of Connecticut, Hudson's, Delaware, and Susquehanna rivers, were in subjection to the five nations; and within the memory of persons now living, acknowledged it by the payment of an annual tribute." "A little tribe, settled at the sugar-loaf mountain, in Orange county, to this day,* make a yearly payment of about £20. to the Mohawks."

"All affairs which concern the general interest, are determined in a general assembly of the chiefs of each canton, usually held at Onondaga, the centre of their country. Upon emergencies they act separately, but nothing can bind the league but the voice of the general convention."

* 1756.

“ The French, upon the maxim, *divide and impera*, have tried all possible means to divide these republics, and sometimes have even sown great jealousies among them. In consequence of this plan, they have seduced many families to withdraw to Canada, and there settled them in regular towns, under the command of a fort, and the tuition of Missionaries.”

“ As to the History of the Five nations, before their acquaintance with the Europeans, it is wrapt up in the darkness of antiquity. It is said that their first residence was in the country about Montreal; and that the superior strength of the Adirondacks, whom the French call Algonquins, drove them into their present possessions, lying on the south side of the Mohawk's river, and the great Lake Ontario. Towards the close of those disputes, which continued for a great series of years, the confederates gained advantages over the Adirondacks, and struck a general terror into all the other Indians. The Hurons on the north side of the Lake Erie, and the Cat

Indians on the south side, were totally conquered and dispersed. The French, who settled in Canada in 1603, took umbrage at their success, and began a war with them, which had well nigh ruined the new colony. In Autumn 1665, Mr. Courcelles, the Governor, sent out a party against the Mohawks. Through ignorance of the country, and the want of snow-shoes, they were almost perished, when they fell in with Schenectady. And even there the Indians would have sacrificed them to their barbarous rage, had not Corlear, a Dutchman, interposed to protect them. Twenty light companies of foot, and the whole militia of Canada, marched the next spring into the country of the Mohawks; but their success was vastly unequal to the charge and labor of such a tedious march of 700 miles, through an uncultivated desert; for the Indians, on their approach, retired into the woods, leaving behind them some old sachems, who preferred death to life; to glut the fury of their enemies. The emptiness of this parade on the one hand, and the Indian fearfulness of

fire arms on the other, brought about a peace in 1667, which continued for several years after.

Smith's History of N. York.

(6) *This Montreal ! thou canst witness. Thou didst
feel*

*The fury of these tribes, with wrath inflam'd,
And thirsting for revenge.*

The invasion of Montreal was occasioned by the wicked artifices of an Indian Chief, who had solely in view his own interest and that of his tribe. A war had been carried on between the French and the Five nations, which both parties were willing to terminate. A cessation of arms and mutual re-delivery of prisoners was agreed upon, and near twelve hundred of the confederates attended a negotiation at Montreal, which resulted in the ratification, in the field, of a treaty of peace. "But a new rupture not long after ensued, from a cause entirely unsuspected. The Dinondadies had lately inclined to the English trade at Messilimakinac, and their alliance was therefore be-

come suspected by the French. Adario, their chief, thought to regain the ancient confidence which had been reposed in his countrymen, by a notable action against the Five nations; and for that purpose put himself at the head of one hundred men: nothing was more disagreeable to him than the prospect of peace between the French and confederates; for that event would not only render the amity of the Dinondadies useless, but give the French an opportunity of resenting their late favorable conduct towards the English. Impressed with these sentiments, out of affection to his country, he intercepted the ambassadors of the Five nations, at one of the falls in Cadarackui river, killed some, and took others prisoners, telling them that the French governor had informed him, that fifty Warriors of the Five nations were coming that way. As the Dinondadies and confederates were then at war, the ambassadors were astonished at the perfidy of the French Governor, and could not help communicating the design of their journey. Adario, in prosecution of his

crafty scheme, counterfeited the utmost distress, anger and shame, on being made the ignominious tool of DeNonville's treachery, and addressing himself to Dekanesora, the principal ambassador, said to him, "go my brethren, I untie your bonds, and send you home again, though our nations be at war. The French governor has made me commit so black an action that I shall never be easy after it, till the Five nations shall have taken full revenge." This outrage and indignity upon the rights of ambassadors, the truth of which they did not in the least doubt, animated the confederates to the keenest thirst after revenge; and accordingly twelve hundred of their men on the 26th of July, 1688, landed on the south side of the Island of Montreal, while the French were in perfect security; burnt their houses, sacked their plantations, and put to the sword all the men, women and children, without the skirts of the town. A thousand French were slain in this invasion, and twenty-six carried into captivity and burnt alive. Many more were made prisoners in

another attack in October, and the lower part of the island wholly destroyed. Only three of the confederates were lost in all this scene of misery and desolation."

"Never before did Canada sustain such a heavy blow. The news of this attack on Montreal no sooner reached the garrison at the lake Ontario, than they set fire to the two barks, which they had built there, and abandoned the fort, leaving a match to twenty-eight barrels of powder, designed to blow up the works. The soldiers went down the river in such precipitation, that one of the battoes and her crew were all lost in shooting a fall. The confederates in the mean time seized the fort, the powder and the stores; and of all the French allies, who were vastly numerous, only the Nepicirinians and Kikabous adhered to them in their calamities. The Utawawas and seven other nations instantly made peace with the English; and but for the uncommon sagacity and address of the sieur Perot, the western Indians would have murdered every Frenchman among them. Nor did the distresses

of the Canadians end here. Numerous scouts from the Five nations, continually infested their borders. The frequent depredations that were made, prevented them from the cultivation of their fields, and a distressing famine raged through the whole country. Nothing but the ignorance of the Indians in the art of attacking fortified places, saved Canada from being now utterly out off."

Smith.

(7) *While thus incessant war they furious wag'd,
With Gallia's province, friendship's bright chain
Unbroken was preserv'd, these tribes between,
And the first settlers of our infant state, &c.*

At an interview in Albany, between the Governor and the Indians, in June 1691, they told him that their ancestors, as they had been informed, were greatly surprised at the arrival of the first ship in that country, and were curious to know what was its huge belly. That they found christians in it, and one Jacques, with whom they made a

chain of friendship, which they had preserved to that day.

Smith.

(8) *E'en at their very doors, up Hudson's stream,
At Albany these strangers settled down,
And farther west another village built
On that fair stream, that bore the Mohawk's name.*

Albany and Schenectady were built in the immediate neighborhood of the Mohawks. The castles of that tribe commenced at the mouth of the Schoharie creek, which runs into the Mohawk river from the south, twenty one miles west of Schenectady. Here Fort Hunter was built by the English. On the opposite side of the river, a few miles farther up, sir William Johnson, not far from 60 years ago, effected a settlement, in a town which bears his name.— This gentleman was sole commissioner of Indian affairs, and, within nine months after the arrival of general Braddock, received £10,000 sterling to secure the Indian interest.

(9) *Alas ! the Muse can tell of horrors dread,
On the Schenectady ! that sudden seized, &c.*

The destruction of Schenectady took place in 1690, by a party sent out by the Governor of Canada, against the province of N. York, consisting of about 200 French and some Caghnuaga Indians, who being proselytes from the Mohawks, were perfectly acquainted with the country. Pursuing the advice of the Indians, they resolved, instead of Albany, to surprise Schenectady. And tho' the people of that place had been informed of the designs of the enemy, yet were they in the greatest security; "judging it impracticable for any men to march several hundred miles, in the depth of winter, through the snow, bearing their provisions on their backs." After a march however of twenty-two days, they fell in with that devoted place, on the 8th of February; "and were reduced to such streights, that they had thoughts of surrendering themselves prisoners of war. But their scouts, who were a day or two in the village, entirely unsuspected, returned with such en-

couraging accounts of the absolute security of the people, that the enemy determined on the attack. They entered on Saturday night about eleven o'clock, at the gates, which were found unshut; and that every house might be invested at the same time, divided into small parties of six, or seven men. The inhabitants were in a profound sleep, and unalarmed, till their doors were broke open. Never were people in a more wretched consternation. Before they were risen from their beds, the enemy entered their houses, and began the perpetrations of the most inhuman barbarities. No tongue, says Col. Schuyler, can express the cruelties that were committed. The whole village was instantly in a blaze. Women with child, ripped open, and their infants cast into the flames, or dashed against the posts of the doors. Sixty persons perished in the massacre, and twenty-seven were carried into captivity. The rest fled naked towards Albany, through a deep-snow which fell that very night, in a terrible storm; and twenty-five of these fugitives, lost their

limbs in the flight, through the severity of the frost. The news of this dreadful tragedy reached Albany about break of day; and universal dread seized the inhabitants of that city, the enemy being reported to be 1400 strong. A party of horse was immediately dispatched to Schenectady, and a few Mohawks, then in the town, fearful of being intercepted, were with difficulty sent to apprise their own castles."

"The Mohawks were unacquainted with this bloody scene, till two days after it happened; our messengers being scarce able to travel through the great depth of snow. The enemy, in the mean time, pillaged the town of Schenectady till noon the next day; and then went off with their plunder, and about forty of their best horses. The rest, with all the cattle they could find, lay slaughtered in the streets."

Smith.

(10) *An Indian, it is said, (of those no doubt
Whom French intrigues had from this coun-
try drawn)*

*In earlier wars, a sick French captain led,
To these rare fountains to regain his health.*

“ Sir William Johnson made this observation, when he sold this tract of land to private individuals: “ In tracing the history of these Medicinal Springs, I could only learn that an Indian chief discovered them to a sick French officer in the early part of their wars with the English. But whether they were these very Springs in this bason, or those at 10 miles distance, properly called Saratoga Springs, I know not.

Morse's Gazetteer.

In the year 1767, the Saratoga springs were visited by sir William Johnson. To this he was induced by the recommendation of the Indians, who advised him to the use of those waters, as likely to afford relief from the gout, with which he was occasionally afflicted. From Johnstown he came to Schenectady, from which place there was a rude

cart road to a settlement recently formed on the Ballston lake, by Michael McDonald and his brother, beyond which, he himself caused a road to be cut through the wilderness. Along this new and rough path, sir William proceeded in two waggons, containing himself, a few attendants, and ample stores of every kind. Leaving Schenectady, he tarried the first night at McDonald's, from whence he reached the Springs, and continuing there some time, returned home with improved health.

This visit of so distinguished a gentleman contributed greatly to spread the knowledge of the Springs, and render them famous. Credible tradition informs us, that while the country was yet a wilderness, and no accommodations provided, people visited them, bringing their own provisions, and pitching tents to lodge in. This must have been the case, as the resort to them was undoubtedly the cause of the first settlement made at the Springs.

(11) *At length to cultivation's power began
The wilderness to yield, &c.*

The first settlement, in these parts, was at Saratoga, on a fine tract of low land, lying on the west side of the Hudson river. The exact time, in which this settlement was begun, I have not been able to ascertain. It was however at an early period. In 1744, we find the Governor of the province informing the Assembly "That a detachment had been sent to Saratoga." It is also recorded that in the year 1745 "Colonel Schuyler and Major Collins, who had been directed to build six block houses at Saratoga, were obliged to desist, on account of the great numbers of the enemy's Indians, who were constantly on the watch, and cutting off supplies and troops," and also that on the 18th of November of the same year, "the country or settlements called Saratoga was almost literally depopulated. The Indians had burnt the houses and fort, and committed many murders, pursuing their ancient mode of warfare of scalping those un-

fortunate men, women and children, whom they captured."

Continuation of Smith's History.

At the close of the war, Saratoga was re-peopled, but hostilities soon commencing again, the inhabitants, in the year 1754, took refuge in Albany, and the settlement was abandoned, until, upon the reduction of Canada, peace was again established. It was then resumed, and peaceably occupied, until the revolution plunged it with the rest of the country into fresh troubles.

The township of Ballston, originally called Balltown, was principally settled during and after the year 1770. Two brothers, it is true, of the name of McDonald, from Ireland, had in the year 1763 settled down on the west bank of the Long lake, one of whom is still living on the same spot. They continued however to be the only white families, in the place, till the year 1770, when the Rev. Mr. Ball, from the southern part of the province, and one other family, of the name of White, from Connecticut, moved in and settled themselves down in the wilder-

ness. These were soon followed by others, so that in two years the number of families amounted to about 20. Mr. Ball was encouraged to settle in the place, by the proprietors of the land, who presented him with 200 acres. He had the honor of giving his name to the town, and officiated for many years, among the inhabitants, as a minister of the gospel.

The first settlements were made at some distance from the Springs. The McDonalds were 4 or 5 miles off, Mr. Ball about 3, while no settlement was made immediately at the Springs, till some years afterward.

In the mean time, the Mohawk tribe of Indians, who lived near by, frequently traversed this country, in their hunting excursions. The Saratoga lake was often visited by them also, for the purpose of fishing. Coming down the river, in their bark canoes, to the mouth of the Eel-place creek, they proceeded up that stream as near as possible to the Ballston lake, into which they carried their canoes, over land. Passing through that lake, and down the stream

that issues from it, as far as would answer their purpose, they again transported their canoes over land into the Saratoga lake, and employed themselves in fishing. The Oneidas also were accustomed to visit this region annually, in the months of October and November. They pitched their temporary habitations in various places, but principally about the Springs, and employed themselves in hunting till some time in the month of February, when they returned home.

To the first settlers of Ballston, the existence of the Mineral Springs, in their own town, was not immediately known. An elderly gentleman who came into the place, in 1772, informs me, that upon his first arrival, though the Springs at Saratoga were much spoken of, yet he heard nothing of those at Ballston, till the next year, when a gentleman,* an inhabitant of the town, in-

*Beriah Palmer, Esq. since dead. It appears that the discovery was actually made by some men in his employ. Arriving opposite the Spring, on the hill a little to the south, they ran down, with the

formed him, that he had accidentally discovered them, while engaged in surveying. They were not however much frequented till after the revolutionary war.

(12) *What terror thrill'd the soul, when heard the news
Of neighbors sudden seiz'd and captive led
By savage foe, at night, or tory band.*

The Six nations of Indians, who had always been friendly to the inhabitants of

view of slaking their thirst at the creek, when the Mineral fountain presented itself. The discovery was made 1771. William Bousman, aged 61, who has resided at the south-west corner of Saratoga lake, from the age of 12 years, informs me, that the next year after his father came to that place, ie. 1771, he saw these Springs. An Indian named Harry, of the Tuscarora tribe, who tarried all that summer at his father's, coming home one night, from an hunting excursion, said he had discovered a spring of very fine water, like that of Saratoga. The next day, he and the Indian, taking their guns, went to the place, and saw, near the creek, the Spring that now stands in the public highway. At the first discovery, it appears, there was but one spring, though afterwards another broke out near by, which has since been lost.

this state, espoused the cause of the King, except the Oneidas, who for their safety, as I have been informed, came down, and dwelt in the neighborhood of Schenectady. The Mohawks, influenced by sir John Johnson, the son of Sir William, abandoned the country and went off to Canada. Numerous hordes of savages were employed on the side of the British, whose sudden incursions and inhuman cruelties were much dreaded by the frontier inhabitants.

In the town of Ballston, several captivities occurred. In the fall of 1778, a party of whites and indians, came secretly into the town by night, entered the house of Colonel Gordon, took him prisoner, killed a man, by the name of Stove, who lived near by, then turning north up the main road, took every man they could find, to the number of 10 or 12 and went off by the way of Lake Desolation to Crown Point.

The next year, a number were taken by a noted British partisan, who had been an inhabitant of the town, and was afterwards taken and hung as a spy. These, however,

were all soon paroled, except one, and he, when the party had arrived at Lake Desolation, effected his escape.

At another time, a gentleman, by the name of White, with some others living in the south-east part of the town, were seized by a band of tories, and carried off to Canada.

These, as also the first captives, were all detained in Canada, till the termination of the war, except Gordon, White, and two others, who having been sent to Quebec, effected their escape from that place, near the close of the war, and striking across the wilderness, after incredible hardships, reached the settlements on the bay of Fundy. Before this was done, Gordon's strength entirely failed, and he was left behind, but happily his companions soon fell in with inhabitants, who went back, found, and brought him in. When these fugitives, who had made such exertions to escape from captivity, arrived at Boston, they found that hostilities had ceased between the two countries.

(13) *Such was thy fate lamented Jane ! who fell
By wild, ferocious hands, &c.*

Jane McCrea, whose melancholy fate is recorded in the various histories of those times. Gen. Gates, in his letter to General Burgoyne, thus speaks: "Miss M'Rea, a young lady, lovely to the sight, of virtuous character and amiable disposition, engaged to an officer in your army, was, with other women and children, taken out of a house near Fort Edward, carried into the woods, and there murdered and mangled in a most shocking manner. Two parents, with their six children, were all scalped and treated with the same inhumanity, while quietly residing in their once happy and peaceful dwellings. The miserable fate of Miss M'Rea was particularly aggravated by her being dressed to receive her promised husband, when she met her murderer employed by you. Upwards of one hundred men, women and children, have perished by the hands of the ruffians, to whom it is asserted, you have paid the price of blood." Gen. Burgoyne, in his reply, vindicated his own character;

shewed that Miss M'Rea's death was no pre-meditated barbarity, and declared that every other charge exhibited by Gen. Gates, was ill-founded and erroneous. *Cooper.*

My account of Miss McCrea's death, says Gordon, will differ only circumstantially from Burgoyne's. Mr. Jones, her lover, anxious on her account, engaged some indians of two different tribes to convey her away from among the Americans for the purpose of security. He might fear for her on account of her Father's being interested in the royal cause, and of her attachment to himself. He promised to reward the person who should bring her safe to him with a barrel of rum. The two who took her and carried her to some distance, disputed who of them should convey her to Mr. Jones. Each was anxious for the reward, and that the other might not receive it, one of them struck his tomahawk into her skull and killed her. This, he adds in a note, is the substance of the relation given by Mrs. McNeil, who was in company with Miss McCrea, when taken by the indians.

The suggestion, in this account, respecting the father of Miss McCrea, is altogether incorrect. He was a Clergyman in the province of New-Jersey, who died before the commencement of the revolution. She had five brothers in these parts, all of whom except one, were on the side of the country. One of them is still living in the town of Ballston. Mr. Jones, to whom she was engaged, lived not far from Fort Edward, on the opposite side of the river, and under her brother Col. McCrea, who resided in that region, had been a captain of the militia, but espousing the British cause, went off and joined the army of Burgoyne.

(14) *Once and again they fought, until at last,
Britain's proud host submitted to our arms.*

The principal battles were fought at a place called Bemus' Heights, 3 or 4 miles north of the village of Stillwater, and 12 miles south of the old settlement of Saratoga. G. Burgoyne had crossed the Hudson on the 13th and 14th of September, 1777, at Saratoga, and slowly advancing, encamped on

the 13th about two miles from the army of Gen. Gates, which had taken possession of the aforesaid heights. On the next day, a movement was made by Burgoyne, with the view of taking an advantageous position, which being perceived by our army, and supposed to be intended for an attack, occasioned a severe, but undecisive battle — “The theatre of action (says General Wilkinson) was such, that although the combatants changed ground a dozen times in the course of the day, the contest terminated on the spot where it began. This may be explained in a few words. The British line was formed on an eminence in a thin pine wood, having before it Freeman’s farm, an oblong field stretching from the centre towards its right, the ground in front sloping gently down to the verge of this field, which was bordered on the opposite side by a close wood; the sanguinary scene lay in the cleared ground, between the eminence occupied by the enemy and the wood just described; the fire of our marksmen from this wood was too deadly to be withstood by the

enemy in line, and when they gave way and broke, our men rushing from their covert, pursued them to the eminence, where, having their flanks protected, they rallied, and charging in turn drove us back into the wood, from whence a dreadful fire would again force them to fall back ; and in this manner did the battle fluctuate, like waves of a stormy sea, with alternate advantage for four hours without one moment's intermission.-- The British Artillery fell into our possession at every charge, but we could neither turn the pieces upon the enemy, nor bring them off; the wood prevented the last, and the want of a match the first, as the linstock was invariably carried off, and the rapidity of the transitions did not allow us time to provide one. The slaughter of this brigade of artillerists was remarkable, the captain and thirty six men being killed or wounded, out of forty eight. It was truly a gallant conflict, in which death by familiarity lost his terrors, and certainly a drawn battle, as night alone terminated it; the British army keeping its ground in the rear of the field of

action, and our corps, when they could no longer distinguish objects, retiring to their own camp."

A second battle, equally sanguinary, and more decisive, occurred on the 7th of October following. This action has been represented as having taken place at Saratoga, but from the Memoirs of General Wilkinson, who was actively engaged in this, and also in the preceding battle, it appears that both were fought in the same place, before Burgoyne had given ground at all. It was brought on by the advance of a large party of the British army to a wheat field, which had not been cut, for the purpose of foraging. Being perceived by our army, they were so judiciously and vigorously attacked, that in fifty-two minutes after the first shot was fired, "the whole line, commanded by Burgoyne in person, gave way and made a precipitate and disorderly retreat to his camp, leaving two twelve, and six six pounders on the field, with the loss of more than 400 officers and men killed, wounded, and captured, and among them the flower of

his officers, viz. Brigadier General Frazer, Major Ackland commanding the grenadiers, Sir Francis Clark, his first aid-de-camp, Major Williams commanding officer of the artillery, Captain Money, deputy quartermaster general, and many others. The ground which had been occupied by the British grenadiers presented a scene of complicated horror and exultation. In the square space of twelve or fifteen yards lay eighteen grenadiers in the agonies of death, and three officers propped up against stumps of trees, two of them mortally wounded, bleeding, and almost speechless; what a spectacle for one whose bosom glowed with philanthropy, and how vehement the impulse, which can excite men of sensibility to seek such scenes of barbarism !”

The action was renewed at the British camp, with great vigor and success. About sunset, the provincialists, who occupied the ground between the Germans and the British light-infantry, being gallantly attacked by a division of our army, abandoned their position and fled ; “ the German flank was

by this means uncovered; they were assaulted vigorously, overturned in five minutes, and retreated in disorder, leaving their gallant commander, Lieutenant Colonel Breyman dead on the field. By dislodging this corps, the whole British encampment was laid open to us; but the extreme darkness of the night, the fatigue of the men, and the disorder incident to undisciplined troops after so desultory an action, put it out of our power to improve the advantage; and in the course of the night General Burgoyne broke up his camp, and retired to his original position, which he had fortified, behind the great ravine,* which fronted his encampment on the 13th of September.

In consequence of this battle, the British on the night of the 8th, broke up their camp, and began their retreat; the Americans, after considerable delay, pursued, until at Saratoga, on the 17th of October, the former surrendered to the latter, and piled their arms on the banks of the Hudson.

*Wilkinson.

(15) *Imbosom'd in the woods they found them first,
A little opening made and houses built,
Few, small, and rude, &c &c.*

From William Bouzman, before referred to, I have received the following information; that the same year in which his father settled at Saratoga Lake, i. e. 1770, he, being then 12 years of age, went to the Saratoga Spring, with one Dirck Schoughten, who came from the place now called the Borough, near Waterford. This man put up a log house, the first building erected at that place, and he assisted him in planting a small patch of potatoes. Schoughten continued there about two years, and was succeeded by Samuel Norton, who remained till '77, when he left the place, but returned again after the revolutionary war was over. In this early period, the resort to the spring was considerable, and many in their way thither passed by his father's house, who, the next year after the surrender of Burgoyne, opened a tavern.

Not long after the establishment of peace,

Alexander Bryant, now residing at Saratoga Springs, came, as he informs me, to that place, and opened a boarding house. A small building, consisting of one room below and one chamber above, which Norton had begun, he took and finished ; which, enlarged afterward by some additions, is yet to be seen about the centre of the upper village. For some time after his arrival, his house was the only one kept, and was much thronged, more people oftentimes arriving than could in any comfortable way be accommodated. The second or third summer, he had guests from a great distance, 2 from Canada, 2 from Kennebeck, and 3 from the West Indies, at one time. People from various quarters resorted to the springs, coming in by the way of the old settlement of Saratoga on the river, between which and the springs there was only one house, while from Ballston there was no road except a foot path. At first, he was obliged to send horses, 5 miles, through the wilderness, for pasture, to a farm on which some improvements had been made ; but in 3 or 4 years,

he was able to provide himself with a sufficiency of pasture. Mr. Bryant kept a boarding house about 16 years, during which time, a number of other houses sprang up, and the upper village increased to something like its present size and appearance. And so great was the difference between those times and these, that the ordinary price for board was 12s. a week.

The lower village commenced in consequence of the discovery of the Congress Spring, near which Mr. Putnam erected a large house of entertainment in 1803.— Since that time a handsome village has sprung up, containing, beside good dwelling houses, stores, and ordinary inns, a large church, and several extensive boarding houses. Congress Hall, though begun some years before, was not finished and opened till 1816, and a new house on a very extensive scale, called the Pavillion, has been finished and opened the present season.

The commencement of the Village at Ballston Springs may be dated about the year 1787. The township of Ballston, ly-

ing to the south of them, had been then settled 17 years, and the Springs known to the inhabitants 16 years. Settlements had early advanced within a short distance of the Springs; but as the object of the inhabitants was agriculture, and the Springs lay in a low swampy piece of ground, surrounded by land, in those days altogether uninviting to the Farmer, as the Springs were not immediately known abroad, like those of Saratoga, and the revolutionary war soon came on, no one was induced to settle himself down on a spot destined to become so famous in a little time. Before any good accommodations were provided at that place, the centre of the town had become considerably improved. When, therefore, the waters began to be frequented, some of the visitants would take lodgings at the distance of 2 or 3 miles, while others brought their own provisions, and erected tents for themselves at the Springs.

At the time above mentioned a man, by the name of Douglass, purchased 100 acres of land, adjoining the Public Spring, on the

west, the land on the east being in the possession of Nicholas Low, Esq. Douglass then built a log house on the flat near the Spring, in which he kept a tavern, and afforded to visitants, such accommodations as were in his power. A small framed house, containing 4 rooms, he afterwards built, for the reception of people, who furnished their own victuals. This house has since been moved back, and is now standing near Aldridge's boarding house. Not far from this time, Micajah Benedict opened a tavern and took boarders, about 1 mile south from the Springs. In 1792, Douglass, erected, what was then considered a large house, 40 feet by 30, with the addition of a kitchen.—That year, Mr. Low, also caused a house to be built, of the same dimensions, immediately contiguous to the Public Spring, on the east. In addition to these, Salmon Tryon built likewise, on the hill south of the Spring, a log house, to which he added a small framed house, consisting of 1 room and 1 bed room, and also a store, for the sale of dry goods and groceries, with

which buildings he was able to accommodate a few boarders. These edifices, with 2 or 3 log houses, to the east, were all the buildings then existing in what now constitutes the Village of Bailston Spa.

The houses of Douglass and Low, though erected 1792, were not completed till the next year, when Mr. Merrill, now residing in the village, took the latter, while it was finishing. Neither house could do much, the first season. In 1794, Mr. Merrill built on the flat a little south of the Spring, a small framed house, which is yet standing, for the purpose of letting it to visitants, who furnished their own provisions, which even rich people were then accustomed to do. That season his boarding house was well filled, guests arriving from New-York, Philadelphia, Hartford, Boston and even from the West Indies. This house afterwards passed into the hands of two brothers, by the name of McMaster, who built large additions, and did much business; but upon their death, and the erection of other houses, the business of this establishment declin-

ed, and a considerable part of the buildings have since been torn down,

Not long after the completion of his house, Douglass sold it to Mr. Wescott, upon whose death, it passed into the hands of Mr. Aldridge, who made extensive additions, and still keeps it with much success.

In 1801, Stephen H. White built an addition to a small house, which had been erected two years before; and the year following he built the east, and in 1807 the west wing of the Large Boarding-house, which, since his death, has been kept by his relict, for a number of years past.

The spacious and elegant Hotel, called the Saus Souci, was erected in 1803, by Mr. Low, and has ever since attracted the public attention in the highest degree.

PHILOSOPHY.

1

THEE, parent of light ! Philosophy, I hail,
And fain would sing in humble verse thy
praise ;

O'er native ignorance thou dost prevail,
The mind enlarge and 'bove low objects
raise.

From the wild savage, thou dost gradual
form

The citizen industrious, and refin'd,
And him again thy lessons oft transform
Into the sage of highly cultur'd mind :
Tho dost exalt the human race,
To man imparting dignity and grace.

2

Great nature's course, and her unceasing
laws,

Thy power discloses unto mortal sight ;
Those works amazing of the great First
Cause,

That strike the mind with wonder and delight.

Lighted by thee, the human soul
Sees num'rous worlds in order roll,
And looks through boundless space ;
She marks the earth's revolving range,
The day and night, the season's change,
And Luna's varying face.

3

The truth with error, long the wise had
mix'd,
Long was the system of the world unknown,
The earth supposed in centre firmly fix'd,
While round her roll'd the planets and the
sun ;
Till thou arose and to the Samian sage
'The truth reveal'd, that truth profound and
grand,
Which wise Copernicus, in later age,
Deliver'd down to Newton's matchless
hand :
That on her axis earth doth constant move,
Which, in their turns, produces day and
night,

That round the sun the planets ceaseless
rove,
From him receiving genial warmth and
light ;
While as we roll, fix'd stars are shown,
Bright suns, perhaps, for worlds unknown.

4

What wonders are in nature found !
Seas roll their waves, yet know their bound ;
Earth's meads and groves, her hills and
dales,
By breezes fann'd, are swept by gales ;
The sun shoots forth his warming rays,
Loud thunders roll, and lightings blaze,
And darken'd clouds let fall the rain :
All these thou view'st with piercing eye,
This pleasing task thou dost sustain,
To look through nature, and her works de-
scry.

5

Nor matter only claims thy cares,
Though, there vast wonders thou canst find ;
But spirit thy attention shares,
Thine eye surveys the human mind.

There things with things the reas'ning power compares
What's right or wrong, what's true or false declares,
Retentive mem'ry calls to present view,
Things which the mind in former moments knew,
Creative fancy other regions forms,
Serene and cloudless, undisturb'd by storms,
Where gales refresh, smooth streams meandering flow,
Gay verdure smiles, and flowers unfading glow.

6

What passions rule man's feeble breast !
We hope and fear, we love and hate,
And eager still t' improve our state,
In sweet contentment we do seldom rest.
Av'rice is eager still for more,
Ambition grasps at greater power,
Pleasure is urg'd by strong desire,
Revenge and rage our angry bosoms fire.
These stormy passions thy mild chidings still,

Meet objects thou dost shew, their rage
control,
The restless heart with calm contentment
fill,
And hush the tumults of the troubled soul.

7

Nor here alone thy vol'ries prove thy
power,
They feel thine aid in sorrow's weeping
hour :
And sorrow's weeping hour we often know,
Disease, and pain, and care, and pressing
woe.
What most we prize we ne'er obtain,
Or if some precious good we gain,
'Tis soon from our possession torn ;
Death throws his shafts, our friends around,
Like leaves in autumn, seek the ground,
While we in keenest anguish mourn.
Of former blessings we lament the loss,
Hard poverty presents his hideous face,
Our dearest hopes sad disappointments
cross,
And malice blots our names with foul dis-
grace.

These ills thou mak'st us bear with manly
strength,
And suit ourselves unto our present state,
New vigor gaining we do mount at length,
And soar sublime above the storms of fate ;
And though perhaps our weakness drops a
tear,
Remaining comforts our sad bosoms cheer.

8

Since such thy blessings, welcome to my
breast !
Strengthen my mind to bear life's pressing
woes,
Hush my rude passions into quiet rest,
And nature's wonders to mine eyes disclose.
Yet not alone I call thee to my heart,
But as the hand-maid of an higher power,
For thou alone canst ne'er those hopes im-
part,
That gild with brightest rays life's parting
hour.
And cold the comforts which thy precepts
yield,
Under the pressure of grief's heavy load,

Unless they're drawn from those high truths,
revealed,

And taught to man, in God's unerring word.

Descending from above, religion ! thou,

In my frail bosom take the highest place,

Add to my reason faith, and make me
know

God's holy law and purposes of grace ;

Teach me submission, confidence and love,

And guide my feet to brighter realms above.

IMMORTALITY.*

1

Awake my soul ! employ thy powers,
On nobler themes than earth contains ;
To higher scenes my spirit soars,
Where beauty dwells, and glory reigns :
No fiction vain, no airy dream,
Immortal ages are my theme.

2

Immortal ages ! glorious sound !
'The subject vast who can conceive ?
When feeble man drops in the ground,
Say, shall his soul immortal live ?
Yes his soul immortal lives,
And though his frame to dust he gives,
The spirit pure, mounts up, on high ;
And when the day decreed shalt come,
The sleeping dust shall leave the tomb,
To join the soul, and never more to die.

*This Poem is to be understood as having respect to the immortality of the just only.

3

Nature abounds with objects grand,
Th' extended plain, the mountain high,
The rolling sea, th' expanded sky,
And orbs that move, and orbs that stand.
Grandeur and beauty here appear,
The scene still changing with the changing
year,
And none can tell the wisdom here displayed.
But all these things shall pass away,
'The sun ere long shall cease to shine,
No more shall roll the swelling sea,
Fire shall consume the earth with rage divine;
In ruin vast all nature shall be laid.

4

But man survives the wreck of time,
And triumphs o'er the dismal waste,
Destin'd t' enjoy a life divine,
And pleasure's purest streams to taste.
' For him new heavens in glory rise,
And overspread by fairer skies,
A better earth in verdure smiles;

There righteousness for ever reigns,
No soul defil'd by sinful stains,
Temptation strong, no yielding heart be-
guiles.

5

Uniting all in sweetest hands,
Glow's purest love in every breast,
Benevolence the heart expands,
'They joy to see each other blest.
No jarring passion's vengeful rage,
In baleful strife their souls engage,
Nor blood distains th' embattled ground ;
But all is friendship, all is love,
Each bosom kindest passions move,
And every gale wafts peace and joy around.

6

Those glories, which but feeble beam
To mortals here below,
In brightest lustre there are seen,
And highest bliss bestow.
The great, the everliving God,
The Lamb, that shed his precious blood,
Their wisdom, justice, power, and love,

'Their souls to highest rapture move,
'They strike the harp, and tune the song,
Increasing wonders still their strains pro-
long.

7

Clear as the sun their knowledge shines,
No doubts perplexing fill their minds,
Nor prejudice their reason blinds,
Nor errors shade with light of truth com-
bines.

While here contractéd was their view,
'They little saw, they little knew :
With clouds and darkness round him thrown,
Mysterious seem'd the ways of God ;
'Their perfect wisdom there is known,
And light 's diffus'd in copious flood.
'Thus darkness every object shades,
By night, and every beauty fades,
But morning shews the risen sun,
And beams of light thro' all the nations run.

8

If blessings rich, and various, round him
rise,

Yet discontented, man forever sighs,
All present blessings spurns as worthless
toys,
And pants and reaches after distant joys.
Besides, what real ills our life oppress !
What pain ! what sickness ! sorrow and dis-
tress !
How oft the bosom heaves with mournful
sighs !
And tears of grief how oft bedim the eyes !
“ One scene of toil, of suff’ring, and of fate,”
A true description of our mortal state.
But there abounds perpetual joy,
All tears are wip’d from every eye,
Nor cares oppress, no ills annoy,
No groan is heard, nor mournful sigh ;
But songs triumphant wake around,
On golden harps of sweetest sound,
Their rapt’rous joys they chant :
O scene ! where brightest glories beam,
O verdant trees ! O living stream !
What blissful pleasures do ye grant.

And when ten thousand years are gone,

And countless ages roll'd away,
 Yet still shall wear immortal bloom,
 These glorious scenes, and ne'er decay.
 Thrones shall be shaken, empires fall,
 Victorious ruin prostrate all
 The glories of the earth, and wide surroun-
 ding sky;
 These scenes no length of time destroys,
 The good man shares eternal joys,
 In glory and in bliss exalted high.

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#### ERRATA.

Page 19th, last line, for cloud-clapp'd read *cloud-capp'd*.

P. 30th, 9th line, for Farther read *Father*.

P. 35th, 4th line from the bottom, for became read *become*.

P. 51st, 4th line, for book read *brook*.

P. 59th, 7th l. for Tuscaroracs read *Tuscaroras*.

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